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1915

What Will Jesus Say?

AND OTHER POEMS

By

MRS. MARY T. HARSHMAN

I sowed the seed in doubt and pain
The harvest, I do not know.
The Master will care for the work I did
As Eternity will show.

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WHAT WILL JESUS SAY?

IF we live for self, not others,
If we idle time away,
If we speak no word of comfort,
What, O what will Jesus say?

What, if while the fields are whitening,
And while others work and pray,
We sit idle in His vineyard,
What, O what will Jesus say?

If we speak no word for Jesus,
And can neither work or pray,
When we meet to do His service,
What, O what will Jesus say?

If the harvest is not garnered
While we walk the King's highway,
If to Him we bring no treasure
What, O what will Jesus say?

We must do our work for Jesus
Now, while it is called today,
If we bring no sheaves at harvest,
What, O what will Jesus say?

THE GRAVES ON THE HILL

Providence Cemetery, Clinton County, Indiana.

IN the twilight gray I sit and dream
Of the scenes that my childhood knew;
I see once more the faces so dear,
That long ago passed from my view.

My darling father so young and strong,
As he fought the battle of life
For the loved ones in the sweet home nest,
The happy children and wife.

But sickness came, the strong man bowed
Like a tree by the tempest tossed,
His life went out, the world seemed dark,
And all life's pleasures lost.

They bore him away to a grave on the hill,
And tenderly laid him to rest,
Where the birds sing sweet in summer time,
And the earth with blossoms is dressed.

The grass grows green on that lowly bed,
On marble is carved his name,
Many tears have watered that mound,
And none were tears of shame.

Years passed by, the Angel of death
Came to our home once more,
And from the hearts that loved her so,
A darling sister bore.

And then another grave was made
Close by the one on the hill;
Our hearts seemed broke although we knew
We must bow to His sovereign will.

With folded hands, curls brushed away,
And blue eyes closed forever,
They bore her away from our childhood home,
For earthly ties must sever.

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And laid her to rest beside the grave
Where the grass and flowers grow;
And the birds sing sweet at set of sun,
Or when rosy dawns aglow.

And there they sleep the last long sleep,
So sweetly side by side—
The strong young man called home so soon,
And the little girl who died.

And my feet have wandered far away
From the dear graves on the hill;
Years have flown and changes come,
And yet I love them still.

Often times as the shadows gray
Creep over the window sill,
My mind still wanders far away
To the two graves on the hill.

And I seem to stand in the place once more
Where we laid them down to rest;
And looking upward where they're gone
Whisper softly: "God knows best."

MOTHER'S DAY

JUST a Baby's cradle
Rocking to and fro;
Mother never tires,
For she loves him so.

When he smiles, she's happy,
When he's sick, she prays;
Taking care of Baby,
So she spends her days.

When the Baby, older grown
Plays and romps in glee;
Mother smiles upon him
Clasps him on her knee.

Passing years bring changes;
The boy becomes a man,
He must take his place
Amid the battle's van.

Mother never changes,
Her love's **just the same;**
He is still her darling
"Baby" still his name.

No difference where he wanders
Nor what may him befall,
There is no change in her,
Mother loves through all.

Are you thinking now of mother
And of how she used to pray?
Is she yet among the living?
Tell her of your love today.

Is she looking for a letter?
Don't put it off until tomorrow;
Write a loving one today,
It may save you years of sorrow.

Is she now at home in Heaven?
Has she passed from earth away?
Wear a white carnation,
For this is mother's day.

I fancy from the azure
Of the clear, bright summer sky,
Mother faces smile upon us
As the years are passing by.

Tender memories throng about us,
Of the joys of other days;
Like the fragrance of the roses
Or the moonlight's silvery rays.

And we find a peace and comfort
As we pass along life's way,
For some time up in Heaven
We will meet on Mother's Day.

A FRIEND IN NEED

FROM the city of Jerusalem
'Cross the plains of Jericho,
A certain man went on his way
Many long years ago.

But cruel thieves were round about,
And seized this helpless man;
Who stripped and wounded him,
As only the wicked can.

And left him lying there half dead.
By chance a priest came by
But when he saw the helpless man,
"Passed by" with scornful eye.

And soon another one came by,
A haughty proud Levite;
Came near, and looked upon his woe,
A most heartrending sight.

But he would not stoop to help,
So filled was he with pride;
And with a look of unconcern,
"Passed by on the other side."

A good Samaritan came by,
With loving, tender care
He dressed his wounds and cared for him,
His oil and wine did share.

"Now take good care of him," said he,
"For I must go away;
Whatever more you have to spend
When I come I will repay."

Now who of these was a friend in need,
And who was like his Lord,
Who kindly heals our many wounds
And tells us in His word

To raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Do good to all you see,
For in doing for my little ones,
Ye did it unto me?

MOTHER'S PRAYER

I SEEM to hear it even now,
Though many years have flown
Since with her children dear she knelt
In prayer before the Throne.

Our lives were pure as driftless snow,
So free from sin and care,
As at the close of day we knelt
To hear our mother's prayer.

So earnestly she sought to guide
Our youthful minds aright;
To point us to the narrow way
That leads to endless light.

Backward through the mists of years,
Marked deep by change and care,
There comes to us an echo sweet—
It is our mother's prayer.

They come to us in sorrow's hour;
Or when in sweet repose,
Like dew upon the summer flower,
Or perfume of the rose.

When it is ours to cross the vale
And reach the city fair,
May an unbroken family greet
A mother's answered prayer.

A GREAT INVITATION TO A GREAT SUPPER

I.

A CERTAIN man made a great supper
And invited as his guests
His own chosen people
To share his very best.
The table was longer and broader
Than ever had been spread.
The appointments all were perfect
And God was at the head.
He had the guests invited.

II.

Far back in vanished centuries
This feast had been foretold,
And for it had been offered
The choicest of the fold.
The Lamb of God was slain,
That this feast might be spread;
And unnumbered multitudes
Partake of the living bread.
Many were invited.

III.

The feast was now all ready
But where, O where were the guests?
Those who had been invited
Were serenely taking rest.
And then, began with one consent,
Excuses for to make.
Because of many worldly things,
They cannot of the feast partake,
Although they were invited.

IV.

The first excuse is a piece of land,
The same is made today;
"I must go to see what it is like,"
And he is kept away.
"Five yoke of oxen must be proved;"
To stay away he wills
Forgetting, He who made the feast
Owns the cattle on a thousand hills.
"I have married a wife," another said,
Therefore I cannot come,
So I pray have me excused,
For I must stay at home.
Although I was invited.

V.

Now the feast is ready
The table has been spread;
I will have guests at My banquet,
Is what the Master said.
I gave many invitations
For there is room for all—
To feast at this royal table
If they will heed My call
And accept My invitation.

VI.

And none of those who were bidden
Shall of My supper taste,
They scorned My invitation
And made their life a waste—
And now I turn away from them
Unto the Gentile race,
And whosoever will, may come,
Find for himself a place.
Go out into the highways,
Compel them to come in—
And feast at My royal table.
I will cleanse them of all sin
For I have them invited.

VII.

Oh! The joy to be invited
To this banquet of His love
Spread upon the royal table
In the Father's house above.
Then accept His invitation
Answer to His call divine—
I will meet Him at His supper,
I can say, Dear Lord, I'm thine
For I have been invited.

VIII.

And multitudes accepted
This invitation sweet,
And with the Blessed Master
About His table meet.
Excuses there are never heard,
They all with one accord
Feast on the Living Bread
In the Kingdom of their Lord.
They accepted the invitation.

IN MEMORY OF DOROTHY

SO sweet she looked in her casket,
A picture of perfect rest,
In robes so white and spotless
Like one among the blest.

She lay like a beautiful statue
Mid flowers of every hue,
Her little hands were clasping
Sweet violets so true

Her countenance, so peaceful,
Denoting perfect rest,
And flowers of rarest beauty
Upon the sinless breast.

And so your little darling,
The child that He had given,
Was taken from your earthly home
Up to the home in heaven.

And now among the angel band
Just hidden from your view,
So happy in that perfect land,
She waits to welcome you.
—To Dr. and Mrs. H. M. Grandle.

SOWING THE SEED

I SOWED the seed in faith and trust;
The harvest I do not know;
The Master will care for the work I did,
As eternity will show.

I sowed the seed in toil and pain,
And my heart was sick with woe;
But faith is bright, His word I trust
As along life's path I go.

I sowed the seed of truth divine,
In the heart all stained with sin;
That life was won by His saving grace,
And the sin-stained heart was clean.

Thus let me sow till the harvest time
With its ripened sheaves appears;
With faith and trust in His cleansing power,
Let me work through all my years.

For when the sowing time is done
And the bending grain appears,
The angel reapers will gather in
The sheaves of the toilsome years.

WHERE BABY SLEEPS

AWAY in the sunny Southland,
Where the pine's soft branches wave
And the flowers bloom in beauty,
There's a tiny little grave.

And the birds sing sweet in summer
Over the little lowly mound;
And the sighing winds of Autumn
Scatter fallen leaves around.

And round about that little grave
The angels vigil keeps—
For the grave in the sunny Southland,
Is where our darling Baby sleeps.

—To Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Davies.

Written for the Centennial (1803) of the United Presbyterian "Tent Church," Rush Creek, Fairfield County, Ohio.

A HUNDRED years and more ago,
Our fathers, brave and true,
Took up the task of making here,
This lovely land we view.

They felled the trees and cleared the ground,
And built their humble homes,
Rejoicing in Almighty God,
From whom all blessing comes.

A place in which to worship Him—
On this their minds were bent;
They organized a loyal band,
And worshiped in a tent.

And then a house of logs was built,
Succeeded by a frame;
The congregation grew apace,
And Beulah was its name.

And ministers came, one by one,
To preach and sing and pray;
And by and by the house was built
In which we meet today.

And every tree within these grounds
Has memories most dear;
Of voices silenced, faces gone,
Once so familiar here.

Where are the ones who used to come
And worship in this church?
To find where all have wandered,
The whole earth you might search.

While many rest beneath the sod,
In the cemetery close by,
Others sleep in distant lands,
Beneath the western sky.

And many loving thoughts today
Are concentrated here,
By living loved ones far away
Who hold this meeting dear.

The ones permitted here to meet,
What tribute can we pay
To those who organized this band
One hundred years ago today—

Who bore the heat and burden
For many a weary day,
But still so loyally upheld
Since they have passed away?

While we revere their memory,
And give their zeal full praise,
We will remember those who keep
This trust through later days.

God bless and keep you safely,
And ever may you see,
Within these sacred, hallowed walls
Peace and prosperity.

WE WONDER

WE wonder what our baby's like
Up yonder in the sky,
For ere he gazed on earthly things
He went to dwell on high.

We wonder so who met him first
Within the City Fair
And what the waiting ones were like
Who welcomed him up there.

And did they bear him to the throne
With all his baby charms
And place the darling little form
Safe in the Saviour's arms?

We wonder what he's doing now
And why he had to go
And leave us mourning here
In this sad world below.

And so we wonder, watch and wait
Though oft our eyes grow dim
For he cannot return to us,
But we can go to him.

—For our Baby.

AND SO WE TELL HER NOW

THERE'S one among our number
With calm and placid brow,
Whose face we love to look upon,
And so we tell her now.

The hair that once was glossy,
Like silver, now is white;
Just like the moonbeams falling
So silently at night.

Her mind is stored with knowledge,
We to her wisdom bow;
'Tis sweet with her to counsel,
And so we tell her now.

To her there has been given
The years allotted here;
To these have five been added,
Thus making her more dear.

Her life has been most useful,
The days have been well spent
And she has always kept in mind
That time is only lent.

And now, as near, and nearer grows
The Journey to the end,
We bring a token of our love
To greet this dear old friend.

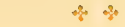
For roses on a coffin laid,
No pleasure then can bring
To the one who is calmly resting
So silently within.

So we bring our pretty flowers,
And loving words of praise
For we rejoice together
At the lengthening of her days.

And when all our work is ended,
As before the throne we bow,
We all want to meet her there,
And so we tell her now.

(Written for the seventy-fifth birthday anniversary of Mrs. Jane Dickey.)

AN EASTER POEM



OH bless and praise the Saviour
Who died for you and me;
Who hung in silent agony,
On the accursed tree.

That brow so pure and holy,
Must wear a thorny crown,
From pierced side and hands and feet
The life blood trickle down.

What agony He suffered there
From mob and cruel throng;
And many said, "Now save thyself,"
As they idly passed along.

The Father's face was turned away,
And in agony He cried,
Why hast thou forsaken me?
Thus Christ the Saviour died.

The sorrowing hearts were soon rejoiced,
For the risen Lord was near;
The resurrection morn had dawned,
And His presence banished fear.

And down the hills of time still shines
That glorious light today.
Through mist of years we catch the gleam
That brightens all the way.

Through Christ who died we all may live
Though earth and sun decay;
And be like Him and where He is,
On the resurrection day.

Oh, blessed hope of joys to come,
Though many years denied;
'Twill all be right, when we shall see
At last the One who died,

And rose again in triumph grand—
Redemption plan complete;
And now in heaven at God's right hand,
His Faithful ones to greet.

THE HEAVENLY RECORD

HAVE we daily tried to serve Him,
Be more like Him day by day?
Have we nearer heaven grown,
In the years now passed away?

Every day has brought its trials,
Many crosses hard to bear;
But 'tis Christ himself who promised,
"I will all your burdens share."

Did we speak to friends as kindly,
Did we strive with all our might
To uplift some weary worn one
And help make their burdens light?

Does the heavenly record witness,
As the old year fades from view,
There's a new name on its pages
Through the efforts made by you?

Have you grown weary, serving?
Listen to the voice divine:
"They who turn a soul to Jesus
In their crown a star shall shine."

Oh how sweet to know that Jesus,
The friend so good and true,
In the book of life keeps record
Of the deeds we daily do.

He knows best the many failures
That along our pathway lie,
But, blest thought, of all our efforts
There's a record kept on high.

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